

# THE DAYSPRING.

*"The dayspring from on high hath visited us."*

OLD SERIES. {  
VOL. XXIX. }

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## OUR PICTURES.

WE think that our young readers cannot help being pleased with the pictures in this number of the Day-spring.

The first is a picture of two little birds called tomtits. They have built in the top of a tree a pretty little nest about the shape of an egg. They have not left it open at the top as many birds do; but have covered it all over except one little hole at the side, just large enough to go through. They are very wise in this; for what a fine protection their nice tight nest must be from storm and cold! They are now perched on twigs of the tree, and seem to be admiring the nest which they have built with so much taste and care. They will not keep still long, however; for they are very active little birds, hardly ever keeping their bodies or their tongues quiet. They flutter, they leap, they dart through the air, they hang on a wall, they even hang with their backs downwards to the under side of a branch of a tree or cornice of a building. They not only chirp, but often they shriek and twitter as though something dreadful was the matter; and some times there is, for tomtits, although pretty in plumage, are not pretty in behavior, but are always ready

to pick a quarrel among themselves or among other kinds of birds. We are sorry to say that we have seen children that were much like tomtits,—pretty in looks, but not pretty in behavior.

Our second picture shows a group of fine little pets. A bright little girl is holding her kitten just as she would hold her doll. Kitty does not quite like to be held in that way. We think, too, that she does not quite like the looks of the pretty white dog who is sitting by, although he is quietly minding his own business. In front of the dog sits the little girl's doll. She is very prettily dressed, and has nice, long hair; but we do not think that her face is an attractive one. She looks to us as though she was forty years old, and not very handsome at that; but it may be that we are mistaken. We have no doubt that the little girl to whom she belongs thinks that she is a darling, and would be offended if she knew that we called her old and homely. Still, we cannot help saying that she is the least interesting one in the group. What do our readers think about it?

Our third picture is called an Illuminated Text. We hope that it will be always kept in mind by all who see it. Then, if you do not give cheerfully to objects that de-



serve your charity, remember that there is something in your hearts that needs to be corrected. All that we have comes from God. His goodness and love are always flowing out to us in gifts that we need. He loves to see his children give, and provides many good objects that need their help. Is it not wrong in them to refuse to give, or to give unwillingly, when they have so much given them? We hope that the readers of the Dayspring, while learning many other things that need to be learned, will learn to give. Let them remember that the Apostle Paul said, "GOD LOVETH A CHEERFUL GIVER;" and that Jesus said, "IT IS MORE BLESSED TO GIVE THAN TO RECEIVE."

SIN is to be overcome, not so much by maintaining a direct opposition to it, as by cultivating opposite principles. If you would kill the weeds in your garden, plant it with good seed; and the ground will be well occupied.

[The following lines to a rabbit were composed, it is said, by a very small boy. They contain a beautiful thought which we should all cherish towards God's creatures.]

LITTLE rabbit, I'll treat you well;  
If I don't, you cannot tell;  
But the God, who lives on high,  
He will hear your piteous cry.  
Great God made you as well as me, —  
I so big, and you so wee;  
And sure I am he loves us too:  
So you love me, and I love you.

For The Dayspring.

## WHAT TWELVE OF US SEE AND DO.

"TWELVE of us" are twelve copies of the "Dayspring;" and when the monthly flight from 7 Tremont Place occurs, we do not, like many of our companions, settle down in Boston, or in Massachusetts even; nor do we, like others of the great flock, continue our flight across the continent to California or Oregon, or across the ocean to Europe, — but we alight on the prairies of Minnesota.

When we first began to come here, the dry grass of autumn used to be burned on the prairie. The sight of this was sometimes very grand; and, from the minister's house, where we first alight, we used to watch the whole horizon of fire. In some parts it would be red, in others yellow, and again blue; according as the flames swept over knolls, or through sloughs, or as they devoured large masses or scanty supplies of the withered grass.

Though we enjoyed the magnificent view, none of the people here took any satisfaction in it. They were too much concerned for the safety of their stocks and barns and houses.

Now, the prairies are burned very little in autumn; and, on almost every pleasant day during the present winter, we have seen men mowing the dried grass, and teams drawing the loads of hay from the sloughs to the settlers' houses.

The reason of this change is that the people have learned to burn hay instead of wood for fuel.

And a very valuable lesson, too, it is, for this is in a locust-desolated region of our country; and, with wood costing six or eight dollars a cord, and having to be drawn many miles at the farmer's expense,

the burning of hay for comfort, instead of for show, is a great saving in the matter of expenditure.

Of the loam of the prairies, when mixed with sand, bricks are made; and, when these have been dried in the sun, a furnace in which hay can be burned is built of them.

This furnace is so constructed that the door of it for receiving the hay-fuel opens into another room from that in which the stove itself stands, so none of the litter and dust of this singular fuel need be any annoyance in the room where the people live.

Often the minister preaches, and the boys and girls receive us, in a room thus warmed; and you may be sure we are welcomed by eyes as sparkling and hearts as glad as any which greet our companions in Hollis-street Church, or the West Church, or the Second Church, or any church in Boston.

But we fear our letter is too long already: so we will stop right here. If the editor allows this to be printed, perhaps we will send some real stories of prairie life another time.

#### FAITHFUL MESSENGERS.

Two little boys were sent one day by a gentleman to bring a basket from a railway station. It was given to them, and they started off to carry it back. As they walked along, Jimmy said to Harry, "I wonder what is inside; how I should like to see! I think it is something alive, for I feel it moving about."

"Well," said Harry, "give me the basket, and let me look;" so he took it from his brother, and they both knelt down in the road to see what it contained.

Harry was in the act of lifting the lid when Jimmy cried out, "O Harry! we

had better not look; the thing is not ours, and I think we shall get into trouble if we touch it."

Harry's conscience had been telling him this all the time, and as he was trying to lift the lid his hands trembled very much, for he knew he was doing wrong. So he popped the cover down, took up the basket, and off the brothers ran as fast as they could. They soon got to the gentleman's house, who took the basket from the boys, and gave them some pennies for their trouble.

While they were waiting for their money, he cut the string which fastened the basket, and, opening the lid very carefully, took out two beautiful pigeons. Oh! how glad then were the boys that they had not opened it! Had they done so, the birds would have flown out, and they would have been severely punished for their breach of trust.

Little children, let this be a warning to you. When you are sent with a message, deliver it quickly and correctly. When you are entrusted with a parcel, remember it is not yours, and do not touch or examine it. If you do, you may damage the thing which is given into your care, get yourself into great trouble, and people will not like to trust you again. The Bible says that "a faithful messenger. . . refresheth the soul of his masters." Try always to act behind your master's back as you would do before his face, and then I think you will prove to be "faithful" little messengers. — *Early Days*.

TRUE sport is never cruel. To take the life of even the lowliest creature for fun is a wickedness from which a true boy will shrink. The manly heart is as kind as brave.



## CHIP.

I KNEW an old couple that lived in a wood, —  
 Chipperee, chipperee, chip!  
 And up in a tree-top their dwelling it stood, —  
 Chipperee, chipperee, chip!  
 The summer it came, and the summer it went, —  
 Chipperee, chipperee, chip!  
 And there they lived on, and they never paid  
 rent, —  
 Chipperee, chipperee, chip!

Their parlor was lined with the softest of wool, —  
 Chipperee, chipperee, chip!  
 Their kitchen was warm, and their pantry was  
 full, —  
 Chipperee, chipperee, chip!  
 And four little babies peeped out at the sky, —  
 Chipperee, chipperee, chip!  
 You never saw darlings so pretty and shy, —  
 Chipperee, chipperee, chip!

Now winter came on with its frost and snow, —  
 Chipperee, chipperee, chip!  
 They cared not a bit when they heard the wind  
 blow, —  
 Chipperee, chipperee, chip!  
 For, wrapped in their furs, they all lay down to  
 sleep, —  
 Chipperee, chipperee, chip!  
 But, oh! in the spring, how their bright eyes will  
 peep, —  
 Chipperee, chipperee, chip!

*George Cooper, in Nursery.*

## “GOD HAS NOT GONE AWAY.”

ANNIE and Lily were going from school together one afternoon, and Annie was teasing Lily to go off somewhere and play with her.

“But mother told me to come right home from school,” said Lily.

“Well, she has gone away, and would never know if you did go away for a while,” naughty Annie said.

“But God has not gone away; He would know,” Lily replied, as she ran home fast.  
 — *Scattered Seeds.*

## DON'T FRET.

A WISE man said: “There are two classes of things that I do not fret about, — the things that I can help, and the things that I can't help.” If an evil can be remedied, let us be up and about it; not wasting our vital force in worrying and fretting.

On the other hand, if it is something that we cannot help, then surely fretting will not turn one hair black (though it may make a great many white). That which is remediless by human power we must commit to God. If the evils have resulted from wickedness of our fellow-men, we must try to forgive them. If it were from the direct providence of God, we must recognize and trust his perfect wisdom and goodness. If it has proceeded from any fault of our own, we must acknowledge our error, seek forgiveness, and use the painful experience of the past to guard against a repetition of the mistake.

## REMARKABLE TREES.

ON the Blackmore estate there is a small wood called Losel's, of a few acres, that was lately furnished with a set of oaks of a peculiar growth and great value: they were tall and taper, like firs; but, standing near together, had very small heads, — only a little brush, without any large limbs. About twenty years ago, the bridge at the Toy, near Hampton Court, being much decayed, some trees were wanted for the repairs that were fifty feet long without bough, and would measure twelve inches diameter at the little end. Twenty such trees did the purveyor find in this little wood. These trees were sold for £20 each.

In the centre of this grove there stood an oak, which, though shapely and tall on the whole, bulged out into a large excres-

cence about the middle of the stem. On this a pair of ravens had fixed their residence for such a series of years, that the oak was distinguished by the title of the Raven Tree. Many were the attempts of the neighboring youths to get at this eyrie; the difficulty whetted their inclinations, and each was ambitious of surmounting the arduous task. But when they arrived at the swelling, it jutted out so in their way, and was so far beyond their grasp, that the most daring lads were awed, and acknowledged the undertaking to be too hazardous.

So the ravens built on, nest upon nest, in perfect security, till the fatal day arrived when the wood was to be levelled. It was in the month of February, when those birds usually sit. The saw was applied to the butt, the wedges were inserted into the opening, the woods echoed to the heavy blows of the beetle or mallet, the tree nodded to its fall; but still the dam sat on. At last, when it gave way, the bird was flung from her nest; and, though her parental affection deserved a better fate, was whipped down by the twigs, which brought her dead to the ground. — *White's Natural History of Selborne.*

#### KEEP TRYING.

BETTER to strive and climb,  
And never reach the goal,  
Than to drift along with time, —  
An aimless, worthless soul.

Ay, better to climb and fall,  
Or sow, though the yield be small,  
Than to throw away day after day,  
And never strive at all.

THE largest Sunday school in the world is at Stockport, England, which has in one room 424 teachers and 3,614 scholars.

#### TWO PICTURES.

An old farmhouse, with meadows wide,  
And sweet with clover on each side;  
A bright-eyed boy, who looks from out  
The door with woodbine wreathed about,  
And wishes, his one thought all day:  
"Oh! if I could but fly away  
From this dull spot, the world to see,  
How happy, happy, happy,  
How happy I would be!"

Amid the city's constant din,  
A man who round the world had been  
Is thinking, thinking all day long:  
"Oh! if I could only trace once more  
The field-path to the farmhouse door;  
The old green meadows could I see,  
How happy, happy, happy,  
How happy I would be!"

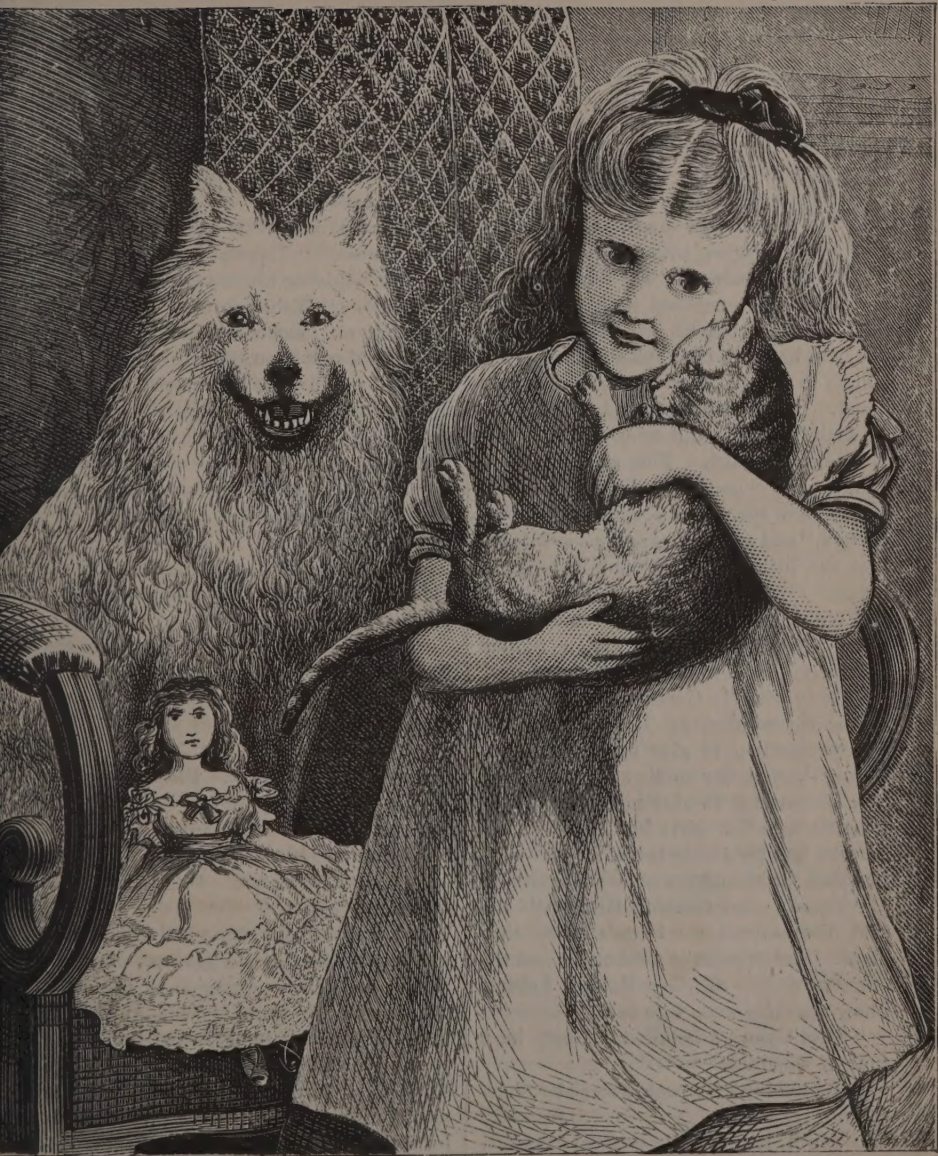
YOUNG reader! keep your mouth free from all impurity, and your "tongue from evil;" for "out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh."

#### SPARE MOMENTS.

How many minutes have you to spare? Five, ten, fifteen? Much may be done with them. We have heard of a young man who read through a History of England while waiting for his meals at a boarding-house. We have read of a mathematician, who is said to have composed an elaborate work when visiting with his wife, during the interval between the moment when she first rose to take leave of her friends and the moment when she finished her last words.

The small stones which fill up the crevices have almost as much to do with making the fair and firm wall as the great rocks; so the wise use of spare moments contributes not a little to the building up in good proportions a man's mind. — *Rev. E. Paxton Hood.*





For the Dayspring.

## MANAGING THE CHILDREN.

BY MARY C. BARTLETT.

### CHAPTER II. — *The Next Day.*

**J**ENNIE was awakened the next morning by Bobbet's arms about her neck. She opened her eyes, with a vague sense of uneasiness. The day, the long, uncertain day, stretched itself out before her, — a dreary blank. She wondered how it was to be filled up. "Ralph and Amy will go to school, *of course*," she said, half aloud. "As for Bobbet and me, — well, we shall live through it somehow."

Bobbet laughed. The sun was just bidding him "good morning." The old tree "blew such pretty shadows on the curtain," and every thing seemed so bright, that the little boy could not help being happy.

"We'll go to school, — me and sister Jane," quoth he, giving her a tighter squeeze.

"Go to school! Guess we will." Here Jennie sighed deeply. It had been her own proposition to give up school for a fortnight, that her mother might feel at ease concerning Bobbet's welfare. She was not a selfish girl; but, now that her sacrifice had been accepted, it seemed only just that she should realize its magnitude.

"There's our General History," she said disconsolately: "I *can't* study that alone. And there's the Arithmetic, and the Algebra, and, — oh, *dear*! Bobbet, I shan't know *any thing* when I go back."

"Shan't you?" inquired Bobbet, in a tone of solicitude.

"Not a thing!" repeated his sister, dolefully.

"You'll know *me*," affirmed Bobbet, positively.

This characteristic speech recalled Jennie to herself. "Know you! You dear little goosie!" she cried, hugging him tight; "I rather think I shall. I don't have to study *very* hard to find you out, do I?"

"N—o," laughed Bobbet: "I wasn't made into books."

"What a funny little book you'd be!" said Jennie. "There's where we'd put the title" (giving him a tap on the back of his head). "We'd put it in the loveliest gold letters: 'Bobbet Wheeler,' — by — by: who'd write you, Bobbie?"

"God would write me," replied Bobbet, impressively. "I'd let him dip his pen right in here," opening his mouth to its utmost capacity.

"He won't want to, if he hears you say that naughty word again," said Jennie, seriously, happening to remember an offence of which Bobbet had recently been guilty. "You won't say it any more, will you?"

"I heard a man say it once," pleaded Bobbet.

"No matter if you heard a dozen men say it, *you* mustn't."

"A dozen men did say it, Jane. A dozen hundred men did say it. I heard 'em."

Jane was distressed. "There isn't a word of truth in that," she thought; "and yet he looks so innocent, as if he couldn't even *think* a falsehood. What shall I do with him?"

But just then the rising bell admonished her that it was time to get up. She and Bobbie had taken possession of mamma's chamber during her absence; Amy slept in a bedroom adjoining; while Ralph had been promoted from his nest in the third story to a larger apartment upon the second floor, for the better protection of his little brother and his defenceless sisters.



"Great protection he is, isn't he, Bob?" laughed Jennie, as they stood gazing at the sleeping boy.

"I'll wake him up," cried Bobbet; and, shortly, such screams of pretended fright, such peals of hearty laughter, were heard from the merry children, that Bridget, who in the kindness of her heart had allowed them an extra half-hour in which to forget themselves and their sorrows, now began to think her sympathy wasted, and hurried up the breakfast accordingly.

Breakfast over, Ralph looked round for his coat and hat, and Amy for her school-books.

"Now, Ralph," began Jennie, soberly, "I do hope you're not going to play with that rough Joe Johnson. You *know* mother wouldn't like it."

"I sha'n't," cried Ralph, impatiently.

"She wouldn't. She despises him: you know she does."

"Why, Jane Wheeler!" exclaimed Amy, earnestly. "Mother never despises anybody: she's too good for that."

"I don't mean '*despise*' exactly," said Jane; "but you know she doesn't like him, and Ralph will be doing wrong if he goes where he is."

"How smart we are!" cried Ralph; "how much we know! Going to school will be going where he is. Perhaps I'd better stay at home." And he threw his hat upon a chair.

"You know very well what I mean," remarked Jennie, with dignity. "And I think you're very unkind to persist in going with such a boy."

"I don't *persist*," replied Ralph, with an angry emphasis upon the word.

"But you won't promise not to have any thing to do with him."

"No, I won't. What's the use?"

"Before I'd have such a friend as *that*," continued Jane, provokingly.

"He *isn't* my friend. I didn't say he *was* my friend. I shouldn't have thought of playing with him, if you hadn't made such a *fuss*; and now I've a great mind to, just to"—Ralph stopped. It came over him all in a minute,—the thought of what mother would say. He seized his hat, and rushed from the house, without another word, followed by Amy, who couldn't bear to see such a thunder-cloud upon his usually bright face.

"Wait for me, Ralph! Ralph!" she called, running after him as fast as she could. Ralph turned.

"Jane ought to be a school-mistress or a general," said he, angrily. "She thinks she could manage a regiment of soldiers, she's *so* smart."

"She thinks she's the mother," answered Amy, apologetically. "She *is* the mother now, you know."

"The mother! I'll tell you what it is, Amy: this fortnight will be ten miles long."

Amy laughed; but the approach of two little misses, her very particular friends, prevented her replying. Ralph, also, soon found himself the centre of a group of boys, who were discussing some knotty question, the issue of which would doubtless prove to be of supreme importance.

But poor Jennie, who loved her brother dearly, and who could not help feeling that she had somehow defeated the very object which had been nearest her heart,—poor Jennie sat for a while after his departure, looking as if her last earthly friend had departed. "Mother would never have done it so," she thought sadly; and one or two salt drops fell from the bright eyes,—a tribute to the memory of mother's gentle influence.

Bobbet made his appearance just at this moment. "Want on my coat," said he,

gayly. "Want on my hat 'n' my leggums 'n' my sled 'n' my mittens. Want to coast."

"You won't go out of the yard, will you?" said Jennie, earnestly.

"No." Then, noticing the huskiness of her voice, he looked up into her face.

"Jane cried," he said, in a tone that admitted of no denial.

"Hold up hand, *so*," said Jennie, wisely ignoring his remark. "Where *is* that thumb? Oh! here it comes. Such a little one, I couldn't find it. There; your're all ready. Where's my kiss?"

"Jane cried," repeated Bobbet, sympathetically.

"Nonsense, Bobbet! Run out now, like a good boy."

Bobbet ran, and Jennie took her History, and busied herself for half an hour with her lesson; but, somehow, as she expressed it, "it wouldn't sink in;" so she went listlessly into the kitchen, and, finding that Bridget was preparing their favorite puffs for dessert, begged the privilege of making an especially nice one, with her own hands, for Ralph. She would hardly have acknowledged to herself that it was intended as a peace-offering; but such was really the case.

Ralph rushed in from school, flushed with excitement. He seemed to have forgotten his anger, but not the unwitting cause thereof. "It was lucky for Eddie Leighton that I *didn't* promise not to have any thing to do with Joe Johnson," he exclaimed. "It was lucky for him, I can tell you."

"Why, what was the matter?" asked Jane.

"Well, you see, as I was coming home, I heard a great shouting just ahead; and I hurried up to see what the fun was; and there was that great, mean, cowardly boy sitting down on Ed's back, and digging into

him with his fists as hard as he could. I couldn't stand that. The boys were all telling him he ought to be ashamed; but he told them to go about their business. So I says to Tom White, 'Tis our business, isn't it, Tom?' — And Tom, says he, 'Yes, 'tis. Let's go about it.' So we just went at him, and pulled him up, and held him tight while Ed ran off home; but *I tell you* he was strong. My arms ache now, and I'm hungry as a bear. Is dinner ready?"

"We'll wait a minute for Amy, Ralph."

"But aren't you glad I didn't promise, Jane?"

"Yes, I am. You'll never want him for a friend again, will you?"

"I've never had him for a friend yet. All your *fussing* was for nothing. But *can't* we have dinner? The boys want a game of ball before school."

Bobbet was impatient too; and, if the truth were told, so was Jane. Amy was voted a delinquent, and the meal proceeded without her.

"Sumfin's comin' for you," said Bobbet, mysteriously, to his brother. "Sumfin' good. Jane made it."

"Why, Bobbie!" exclaimed his sister, in surprise. "How did you know?"

"Oh! I saw'd it. I *saw'd* it froo the window. It's a puff, Ralph. It's a *awful* puffy puff."

"Here 'tis! here 'tis!" he screamed, as the brown, steaming dainties made their appearance. "It grow'd 'n' grow'd 'n' busted out just like this," — puffing out his fat cheeks by way of illustration.

"Don't talk at the table, Bobbet: it's very wrong," said Jane, reprovingly.

"Jane cried," remarked her little brother plaintively.

"Eat your dinner, Bobbet."

Jane was always dreadfully ashamed of tears.



"This is the very nicest puff I ever tasted," said Ralph, taking no notice of Bobbet's assertion.

"I'm glad you like it," replied Jane; "but what can have happened to Amy?"

"Oh! nothing much," was Ralph's careless answer. "I s'pose she's whispered or something. Here she comes now," he exclaimed, as he saw the familiar figure pass the window. "What's the matter, sis? Misdemeanors or failures, which?"

"Neither," replied Amy, promptly. "Please be helping me, Jane, while I take off my things; for I'm just *starving*. Bridget *does* know what to get, doesn't she?"

"Yes," answered Jane. "It was dreadfully mean in us to be so *sure* of the boiled cabbage."

"Never mind, now," said Amy: "I want to tell you something. Mary and Edna Raynor are going to have a candy-pulling to-night. They want me to come. What do you say?"

"I don't think you'd better. In the first place, you'll neglect your lessons."

"O Jane! It's review to-morrow."

"That isn't the only reason. It's a long, long way to come home so late in the evening."

"Ralph'll come for me,—won't you, Ralph? They would have invited you, I know, if they'd only thought of it."

Ralph made a wry face. "I'll come for you, then,—just to remind 'em I'd just as lief be remembered after the candy's made as before."

"I hadn't," said Amy, with emphasis.

"I like the fun of pulling."

"Really, Amy," said Jane, "I don't think you'd better go."

"Why not?"

"I don't believe mother'd like it. You know Ralph had a sore throat."

"A year ago last Christmas," put in Ralph, mischievously.

"The least cold might bring it back. It's too late for little boys and girls to be out, anyway."

"You can't go, Amy," cried Ralph. "*Little boys* might get the croup; and then, you know, you had the chicken-pox once yourself."

Amy's eyes filled. "I shall have to mind you because I promised mother," she said angrily. "If it wasn't for that I'd"—

"Jane cried," said Bobbet, earnestly, reminding of that circumstance by the sight of Amy's tears.

Ralph and Amy looked into their elder sister's face. A curious little spasm passed over it. Somehow it stopped Ralph's bantering, and kept back Amy's sharp words, though, as she afterward told her brother, "she was angry inside all the same." She said no more about the candy-pulling, but ate her dinner in an expressive silence, which not even the delicate puffs had power to break.

"Dear me!" thought Jennie, when her young charges had again taken their departure, "I don't see how mother gets along with us. Here I do just exactly what I think is right, and Ralph and Amy fly out just as Maltie does when Bobbet strokes her fur the wrong way. They *never* speak to mother so. She never makes us mad. I wish I knew how she does it. Well, I'm glad I haven't got any children to *keep*; that's all."

She wished it more than ever before the evening was over. After supper, Bridget announced her intention of "going out for a bit." Jennie put Bobbet to bed as usual, and, just as he was about "dropping off" into the land of Nod, the "ting-a-ling-ling" of the door-bell made her start, and a

moment afterward Amy made her appearance.

"It's Mary and Edna Raynor, Jane. They said the candy-pulling wouldn't be any fun without me, so I thought they might just as well come here. And now, — Bridget's gone out, and we can't find the molasses anywhere. Won't you come down, please?"

Amy spoke hurriedly. She knew she had given Jane just cause for displeasure, and was determined not to allow her an opportunity of expressing it.

Jane rose without a word. Realizing the necessity of politeness toward the guests whose arrival seemed so very inopportune, she went down into the kitchen, and greeted them kindly, if not cordially.

"The molasses is in the other closet. That's it, Ralph. Let me help you: you'll never lift it so. There! Where's the spider, Amy?"

"We thought we'd take the porcelain kettle," said Amy, hesitatingly. "Mother did."

"That was when we had a party, and she had it put on the fire in the middle of the afternoon. The molasses is cold. It takes it some time to boil."

"Whew! I should think it *was* cold," cried Ralph, who was impatiently holding the jug. "I heard John Whitney's sister tell him the other day that he was slower than cold molasses. I know how slow that is now."

"Take care! take care!" screamed Mary Raynor. "It's coming all in a bunch."

Jennie steadied the jug just in time to escape an inundation, but not soon enough to prevent the thick, dark stream, which ran quickly across the table, and went dripping to the floor.

"Hand that towel, Edna, please;

quick!" she called. "Oh, dear! It's Bridget's silver towel. What *will* she say?"

"Never mind," said Ralph: "we can't help it *now*. Take hold, Jane. Lift the stove-cover, Amy. How's the fire?"

"Pretty good."

"All right! Here she goes! Now, let's go into the sitting-room, and play games till she boils."

"No, indeed, you won't," cried Jane. "That molasses must be stirred every single minute. We'll all take turns."

"So we will," said Amy. "Jane has been just splendid to-night," she managed to whisper in Ralph's ear, as she went to the closet for a spoon. "I thought she'd be cross as a bear."

"Jane's a pretty good fellow, after all," replied Ralph, thinking of the "most extra" puff.

Never was candy more frequently and impatiently "tried," and never was molasses so long in "*coming to the boil*." The expectant children became uproarious at last. They couldn't and wouldn't wait another minute.

"Half-past eight!" exclaimed Amy, in dismay. "Let's get it off, Jane. We'll pull it, whether it's done or not."

But, alas! it positively refused to be pulled. It was just a sticky, uncompromising mass, that stuck to Ralph's fingers like wax. He had insisted upon making the first attempt; but no one seemed disposed to follow his example.

"I know what's the matter," he cried at length. "We forgot the flour."

"So we did," answered Amy. "Stand still, and I'll baste you. There! It looks like a snow-ball now; doesn't it, *girls*?"

"Don't I wish it was a snow-ball?" said Ralph. "I say, Jane, do you s'pose this will ever come off a fellow's fingers without bringing the skin with it?"



"Does it hurt?" she inquired, noticing the scowl on his forehead.

"Not much." At the same time the scowl grew deeper, and he gave just the faintest scream of pain.

"It's burning him dreadfully!" cried Edna Raynor; "and, dear me! there's your little brother crying upstairs, Jane. I heard the noise a while ago, and didn't know where it came from."

"What *shall* I do?" said Jane, feeling helplessly the impossibility of being in two places at once. "Run to the sink, Ralph! Turn the water on, Amy! Help him, girls, — all of you!"

In the midst of the confusion that ensued the door opened, and Bridget walked in. She took in the situation at a glance. Her black eyes gathered wrath, as she looked at the disorderly table and stove, and the floor upon which the molasses had been tracked about by heedless little feet.

"Ralph's burned himself very badly, Bridget," faltered Edna Raynor.

I have not room to tell you what Bridget said in reply, and perhaps it's just as well, for she was very sorry for it afterward; but you can readily imagine that when the guests had gone, and Amy went upstairs to Jane, who was anointing Ralph's poor fingers with some salve which she had seen mamma use upon similar occasions, the little girl did not feel very happy.

"I really think you ought to apologize to Bridget, Amy," said Jennie. "Just think how she'll have to work to get the floor clean again, and she thinks *so much* of that stove! It was all your fault, you know."

"I don't know what to say," replied Amy. "And she is so horrid, Jane, I don't care much if she has to scrub for a week."

"You *ought* to care," exclaimed Ralph, dancing with the pain of his smarting fingers. "You had no right to invite company when mother was away, and you ought to be ashamed of it."

"Hush, Ralph!" said Jennie, glancing at Amy's face. "She *does* care."

Ah, yes! Amy did care. The stings of conscience, aggravated by the cutting reproach of her favorite brother, were too much for her. She rushed from the room, crying as if her heart would break.

Jane said nothing more about the apology; but the next day, when Bridget was down upon her hands and knees scrubbing the sticky floor, — somehow without thinking any thing about the words, — out it came: —

"It was real mean in me, Bridget. I'm just as sorry as I can be. I was" —

"Sorry is it?" said Bridget, looking up with a queer twinkle in her black eyes. "Sorry's aisy said. If ye'd take the mop, an' lind a hand here, — jist," —

"I will, Bridget. I'd like to: you just wait." Suiting the action to the word, Amy tucked up her skirts, seized the mop, and was going to work.

"Whist, whist, now!" cried Bridget, with a nod. "It's more bother nor good ye'd be, wid yer splashings. Go 'long to the school, an' we'll take the 'sorry' for what it'll *bring*."

With which very ambiguous consolation, Amy was only too glad to let the matter rest.

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TAKE time, boys; don't be in a hurry. Are you learning a trade? Determine to be a good workman. Never slight your work. Deserve success, and it will come. As you prove worthy, so will your success be.

## SAY WHAT YOU MEAN.

AN Athenian once said to a Jewish lad, "Here, my boy, is a piece of money; buy *us* some figs and grapes." The boy went and purchased the fruit, and, giving half of it to the stranger, kept the other half for himself. "Is it the custom in this city for a messenger to take half of what he is sent to buy?" said the man. — "No," replied the lad; "but our custom is to speak what we mean, and to do as we are told." — "Well," said the Athenian, "I did not tell you to take half the fruit." — "Oh!" replied the boy, "what else could you mean when you said 'buy *us*'? Does not that word include the hearer as well as the speaker?" The stranger smiled, and was satisfied.

---

Four little faces were peeping  
 Skyward one beautiful night;  
 Eight little eyes were keeping  
 Watch of the stars so bright.

Four little voices were telling  
 What four little curly pates thought  
 About the bright spots in the ceiling,  
 Whose twinkles their merry eyes caught.

"I guess they are rockets," said Eddie,

"That went up, the Fourth of July,  
 So far from the earth that, may be,  
 They'll have to stay up in the sky."

"No, no, Brother Eddie," said Kitty,

"But lamps they surely must be,  
 Hung out by the angels, so pretty,  
 That we little children can see."

"I finks," said sweet little Evan,

"I finks it is 'is way, don't 'ou?  
 Ey are holes in the floor of heaven,  
 And the glory a shinin' froo."

But baby Fay, looking so sweetly,  
 So cunning and wondrously wise,  
 Answered the question completely, —  
 "I desses 'at 'em is Dod's eyes."

*Joy Wild.*

## JOHNNIE'S MASTER.

"JOHNNIE," said a man, winking slyly to an apprentice of his acquaintance, in a draper's shop, "you must give me extra measure: your master is not in." Johnnie looked up into the man's face very seriously, and said, "*My Master is always in.*" Johnnie's Master was the all-seeing God. Let us all, when we are tempted to do wrong, adopt Johnnie's motto, "My Master is always in." It will save us from many a sin, and so from much sorrow.


## TRUTH.

I ONCE asked a deaf and dumb boy, "What is truth?" He replied by thrusting his finger forward in a straight line. I then asked him, "What is falsehood?" when he made a zigzag with his finger. Try to remember this: let whoever will take a zigzag path, go *you* on your way straight as an arrow to its mark, and shrink back from falsehood as you would from a venomous viper. — *Barnaby.*

## AN EXPLANATION.

WHILE the March number of the "Day-spring" was going through the press, an accident occurred which spoiled a cut which had been inserted at page forty-one. Printed matter was put in its place, and the remainder of the edition printed with this change. The loss of the picture was of small account, except that it showed "Sallie Nippet," one of the characters in Mr. Seaver's story, crossing the little bridge over the brook on a stormy night. Those who happened to receive the story of "The moose that walks" were quite as fortunate as those who got the picture.





GOD  
LOVETH A  
GIVERFUL  
GIVER.

2.COR. IX 7

## MAGAZINES.

SAINT NICHOLAS continues to come to us every month laden with choice reading and illustrations for young folks; and, we cannot help saying, for old folks too. We do not know how three dollars can be better spent for reading matter for a family composed of old and young than by subscribing for a year for this magazine.

THE WIDE AWAKE is still wide awake, and we think that it grows more so every month. But, while it is wide awake, it is not in the least degree indecorous. It maintains a high moral and intellectual tone, and cannot fail to improve as well as please any young person into whose hands it happens to fall. It is adapted to somewhat younger readers than "Saint Nicholas," and costs but two dollars a year, instead of three.

## LIFE'S LITANY.

WHEN first the stream of life runs low  
In childhood's veins, and weak and slow  
From year to year our forces grow,  
Have mercy, Lord!

When youthful passions, rising high,  
Inflame our thoughts, and pleasures cry  
On every hand, Come, taste and try,  
Have mercy, Lord!

When manhood's baser lusts prevail  
O'er virtue's law, and judgments fail  
To cause the stony heart to quail,  
Have mercy, Lord!

When manhood's hair is tinged with gray,  
And early pleasures pass away,  
With our dulled senses' swift decay,  
Have mercy, Lord!

When death seals up this weary eye,  
When past the mortal agony,  
Then hear our solemn Litany,  
Have mercy, Lord!  
*Quiet Thoughts.*

## Puzzles.

## DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

1. The Goddess of Beauty.
2. A wicked sprite.
3. A place noted for its gold.
4. A priestly tribe.
5. A beautiful shepherd.
6. A small branch.

The finals name a delightful season;  
The initials a product of that season.

## BEHEADED PUZZLES.

Behead a religious festival, and find a flower;  
Behead a place of darkness, and find a puzzle;  
Behead a goddess, and find an interjection;  
Behead a period of time, and find a pronoun;  
Behead a small stick, and find a sorceress;  
Behead again, and find a disease of the skin.

## ANSWER TO PUZZLE.

EAR.

## ANSWER TO ENIGMA.

A SOFT ANSWER TURNETH AWAY WRATH.

## ANSWER TO SQUARE WORD.

POND  
OVER  
NERO  
DROP

## THE DAYSPRING,

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